

JERU THE DAMAYA

A man, Jeru the Damaya, is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark jacket and a blue beanie. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. His right hand is raised, showing a ring on his ring finger. The background is a dark cityscape at night, with a large, bright orange and yellow fire or explosion in the center. To the left, a tall building is visible, and a car is partially seen in the lower left corner.

The Sun
Rises
in the
East.

JERU THE DAMAJA – D. ORIGINAL LYRICS

dirty rotten scoundrel, that's what i'm called, on the street
could connive and cheat but rarely get beat
ya see i'm streetwise, a con-game pro
kickin' the bobby bullsh-t, too smart for willie bobo

not stressin' five-o, hot hand in celo
live in the land of crooks yes brooklyn's the borough
homicide central, east new york
where the manic, depressive psycho murderers stalk

walk, like a ninja, on the asphalt
here talk is cheap, you're outlined in chalk
and there's more hard times, than on good times
and most n-gg-z dedicate their life to crime

so i'm steady schemin', won't work for a dime
used to get, tax free loot, all the time
type slick can't fess on 'ru, because

before trains were graffiti proof i used to get loose
dirty rotten since the days of the deuce
dirty, because of the skin i'm in
the fact i have melanin automatically makes me a felon

even though i'm righteous, rotten's what you're yellin'
but i'm not chain-sn-tchin', or drug-sellin'
according to your books you said i would be d-mned like ham
scoundrel opposite of the king that i am

but wanna get funny, we can get b-mmy
take you to the east and back again money
filthy purified trick, step past your sister
challenge the damaja, and you'll be history

mortal kombat fatality, the original don't sing no r and b
nasty mc deity
chop off domes with the poems that come out of my pin-eal
gland, as i expand, you know who i am

father of all stylin', i be whylin' on wax
we hack sh-t up like big ax and little ax
don't need tokes to make you jump like bungee
tracks real muddy, like brooklyn's real grungy

when i come through i clog up your sewer
peep the maneuver, drop the ill manure
so bring mr. clean, drano, and roto rooter
no matter what you do, you can't get through the

crud that comes out of your system
you're another victim, of dirty rotten
dirt up, in your grill, so what ya gonna do
but pay homage to

JERU THE DAMAJA – BROOKLYN TOOK IT LYRICS

ah check it out, check it out yo
ah check it out, check it out yo
ah check it out, check it out yo
ah check it out, check it out yo

here's the remedy, for all your cornball raps
brooklyn's back on the map, i'm not bragging
defeating all foes, bring your styles
i stomp out the last dragon

grand groove, grandmaster, like back in the days
holding my own on the street and the microphone
you can't rip it, i grip it and flip it
trip it down memory lane, back to the park jams

we used to spark jams, now n-gg-s get jammed
or should i say jelly?
my vocals rip through your pelle pelle
you can't see me so you can't hit me

you ace deuce tre, i four five six and trips
drums numb your ears, rhymes swell up your lips
chicks gravitate towards the crooked
if your props are gone, brooklyn took it

brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it

mindcrusher, spinecrusher, brooklyn been banging
making noise from the us to russia
couldn't set it, even if you wanted
so many bodies on my microphone, the sh-t's haunted

doggonnit, your girl's on it
record companies are on it, you can't have it, causing havoc
building, destroying, deploying
my rhymes on beats strategically i melt any mc

i repre, aw f-ck it, don't even need to say it
you know the time when i start to saute it
so n-gg-s be having mad maws and sh-t
'cause brooklyn stole the show like a grand larcenist

but ease up off us or you'll need officers
we're deadly, there's no cure
boom bang 'em on down, treat compet-tion like clowns
crooklyn, crooklyn, from town to town
serve your girl b-tt naked, if she's gone, who took it?

brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it

this one is for brooklyn, land of crooks, home of my game
try to front and we retire, mc's set 'em all on fire
scooping up the fly ladies 'round my microphone like a mercedes
if i was a video game you couldn't play me

so keep it moving, don't play yourself
your rhymes are [unverified] sinna raffin' [unverified], mine quite graffing
switch up, change up, brooklyn still gets biz
plop plop, fizz fizz like alka-seltzer

try to freak it, wind up in a homeless shelter
cause f-ck what you heard, this is crooklyn's casa
try to see us, and it's an mc m-ssacre
when we step, your state we shook it
if it's gone, no doubt, brooklyn took it

brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it

JERU THE DAMAJA – PERVERTED MONKS IN THA HOUSE (THEME)

Production by Jeru the Damaja & DJ Premier]

[Jeru the Damaja]

One two, one two

It's time for the sun toucher

Jeru the Damaja, the original Dirty Rotten Scoundrel

You know what i'm saying?

And we be on the microphone doing lyrical Kung-Fu

Any man who dare's challenge us will be destroyed

You know what i'm saying?

The perverted Monks in tha house!

The poisonous, taking over..know what i'm saying

Any man,any man

No matter who he be, come step to us

Get done in

We have it locked down

We've studied the manuscript for year's and year's and year's

You can't deal with it, there's nothing you can do

JERU THE DAMAJA – MENTAL STAMINA LYRICS

featuring afu ra
yo afu (yo wh-ssup?)
yo yo, c'mere c'mere
yo let's freak that rhyme we was freakin the other night
(yo i'm wit it yo just set it off)
i'm sayin though, after this, it's no turnin back 'fu
(aiyyo just set it off man)
pugilistic linguistics, check out the mystics, we're fantastic
you mean fantastic
f-ck it, you'll get your -ss kicked
challenge my verbal gymnastics
vanacrobatix
vocabulary calisthenics
can't understand the mathematics are esoteric
watch the style but also peep the lyrics, my lightning, my thunder
way back i stomped out her-cu-les
but now i stomp out mc's
can't chill, because the sun don't freeze
heavy metal, hard like t-tanium
alchemist, i turn wax into platinum
[afu ra]
influential, scientific power
my mental violence will shower
devour at a crazy rate, i speed into your circuits
and incorporatin data banks
stamina, in the brain is how i slay it
i enforce my boss and i always must obey it
endorsing a central rhyme of remedies
against any man at arms that can get with thee
eternal, internal, alchemist, i spill
logic and science ever since
throwing cerebral blows without my fist
poisonous, taoist
don't mess with toys in this racket
terrorists don't proceed to hi-jack it
[jeru]
it's too perverted, you heard it, so now you get murdered
test the sound system, it throws off your equilibrium
deep concentration can't fracture the meditation
compet-tion is flipped on at random
deviant monks attack the mic is mental pandemonium
and then some, you go for your hand gun

psychokinetic forces proceed to smash in your cerebellum
phonetian with more stamina than a christian
my mind, c3 h5 n3 o9 like nitroglycerine
i bust as afu ra crush
cl-ss with us and meet cerebus
[afu-ra]
ready, ridiculous rabbitry, as i commence
i whirlwind through cities
breaking down substances, combining matter
test my hand skills and back bones splatter
rough and tough although the mental will stomp ya
pugilism electrocute like blanka
collaborate, all my words into verses
i instill the will without even curses
slurs, escapade off the beat
totally complete with the unique physique
microcosmic warrior, indeed i'll destroy ya
and this mic, i'm taking over

JERU THE DAMAJA – DA BICHEZ LYRICS

i'm not talking about the queens
but the b-tches
not the sisters, the b-tches
not the young ladies, the b-tches
the b-tches, the b-tches

now a queen's a queen and a stunt is a stunt
you can tell who's who by the things they want
most chicks want minks, diamonds, a benz
spend up all your ends probably f-ck your friends

high-post att-tudes, real rude with fat -sses
think that the p-ssy is made out of gold
try to control you by slidin' up and down on the wood
they be givin' up s-x for goods

dealin' with b-tches is the same old song
they only want you 'til someone richer comes along
don't get me wrong, strong black women
i know who's who so due respect i'm givin'

while queens stand by you and stick around
b-tches suck you dry and push you down
so it's my duty to address this vampire's
givin' the black man stress

recognize what's real and not material
or burn in h-ll, chasin' polo and guess, dumb b-tches

i'm not talking about the queens
but the b-tches
not the sisters, the b-tches
not the young ladies, the b-tches
the b-tches, the b-tches

my man had a chick an' thought she was finger-lickin'
i knew her style that's why i'm vegetarian
i told him she was out to get what she could get
he didn't believe me, so she bagged him up in the end

made the p-ssy do tricks then she sucked his d-ck
he got caught up in the grip now he's payin' the rent
black widow, she even killed dead presidents
that he'd owe, shouldn't have got one red cent

i body slam her but i'm not a misogynist
when i see a brother gettin' nabbed it makes me p-ssed
cosmetic enchantress, scandalous temptress
the way my man went out you'd think she was a pimp stress

b-tches come my way, i make 'em hop
'cause i'm hip to the game
i'm not a slave so i don't get p-ssy-whipped
bear in mind you'll lose em' to end material riches
f-ckin' around with those b-tches

i'm not talking about the queens
but the b-tches
not the sisters, the b-tches
not the young ladies, the b-tches
the b-tches, the b-tches

since i've been club-hoppin', you've been ho-hoppin'
you've seen them pop up in every spot that i'm in
any n-gg- with a record could get your b-tt naked
so your man got a lex'[unverified]
you live in the projects

tryin' a flex but you ain't the smartest
your -ss ain't the fattest
f-ck around, play yourself and get dissed
i know your status, you can't touch my status

deep down you want this
dyin' a be famous but you can't attain this
poppin' that coochie for gucci
b-tches like you ain't sh-t to me

and don't talk about r e s p e c t
'cause i treat my black sisters like royalty
now go in peace, don't make me get raw
and treat you like the harlot that you are filthy b-tches

JERU THE DAMAJA – YOU CAN'T STOP THE PROPHET LYRICS

guy 1: ohhh! yo look towards the darkness

guy 2: nah nah yo, look towards the light

guy 1: yo what! oh what the? yo what is that?

guy 2: it's a supernova

guy 1: nah nah man, that's a black hole

guy 2: yo! yo!

guy 1: yo!

1 + 2: yo it's. it's. it's?!

(the prophet)

i, leap over lies in a single bound

(who are you?) the black prophet

one day i got struck by knowledge of self

it gave me super-scientifical powers

now i, run through the ghetto

battlin my, arch nemesis mr. ignorance

he's been tryin to take me out since the days of my youth

he feared this day would come

i'm hot on his trail, but sometimes he slips away

because he has an army, they always give me trouble

mainly – hatred, jealousy and envy they attack me

they think they got me

but i use my super-science and i twist all three

i see sparks over that buildin – they're shootin at me

i dip, do a backflip

then hit em in the heart with sharp steel bookmarks

ignorance hates when i drop it

but no matter, what he do. he can't stop the prophet

(deceit)

yo prophet, yo prophet, c'mere real quick

yo i just saw ignorance downtown, let me put you on

(girl #2)

word, he down there buggin

he got them illin out, they shootin and everything else.

(the prophet)

let's continue the saga, mad mad drama

i met this chick, she said she knew where ignorance was at

i said, "where?" she said, "downtown"

he had babies havin babies – and young n-gg-z sellin crack

i think the b-tch is lvin, it's a set up

i can smell it, but ignorance is runnin rampant
aight baby show me the exact spot
meet me at hoyt and schermerh-rn at 3 on the dot
so i hops up on the a-train, i'm bein followed
my seventh sense senses danger
i turn around, it's anger
and he brought a mob along, it's the same old song
despair and animosity got broke with the swiftness
i don't know what they think this is
i feel a sharp pain in my neck now i can't see, i'm like hiram
they hit me with the dart filled with the pork chop serum
i tried to hold on but before long i dropped
when i awoke i was locked in the barber's shop
trapped in the barber's chair
oh no, they're gonna try and cut my hair
but that can't stop the prophet

(anger)

yo prophet!

ignorance is tired of you followin him around
we about to put an end to that right now
anamosity (yea!) despair (yo wh-ssup?) get him!

{dj premier cuts and scratches: "can't a d-mn thing stop me"}

(the prophet)

a few minutes p-ssed by, i hear a buzzin noise
it was that chick with some of ignorance's boys
she said, "prophet, we got you beat;
by the way i'm mr. ignorance's wife, deceit.
but enough talk; now for your hair cut."
when the clippers touched my hair, they blew the f-ck up
after the explosion there was no one left
cause i know dim mak/poison hand/touch of death
my vision's still kinda blurry, but i see a clue
ignorance is at the library
i hurry, with lightning speed like the flash
he's at the big one, on grand, army plaz'
when i get inside the doors shut and the lights go off
d-mn, another trap
i hear a hissin sound, i smell a funny smell
i gasp, i can't breathe
ignorance is laughin at me
waitin on my downfall, but he can't stop the prophet

(mr. ignorance)

well prophet

it seems like you're in a bit of a jam

i hope you can unstick yourself

oh, and what you did to my wife, it was nothing

i have others

hahahahahaha... hahahahaha. hahahahahah...

"the saga continues!"

JERU THE DAMAJA – AIN'T THE DEVIL HAPPY LYRICS

[intro:]

now i don't be foolin' around, i tell the truth. nothing's secret

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

as devils search for the secrets to immortality
i alter my physical chemistry
walk through the valley of the shadow of death
i exist even when no things are left
vibrations transcend sp-ce and time
pure at heart because i deal with the mind
that's why i compose these verses
audible worlds, my thoughts are now universes
written on these pages is the ageless wisdom of the sages
ignorance is contagious
so i hope you keep your focus
there's no hocus-pocus, in the end it's just us
devil got brother k!llin brother, it's insane
goin out like abel and cain
wisen up and use your brain
there'll be no limit, to the things that you can gain
in positivity, balance it with negativity
until then, ain't the devil happy

[[hook]]

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

[verse 2: jeru the damaja]

i hate when the devil's happy, so i wear my hair nappy
knotty, won't go out like john gotti
he came from the caves to destroy everybody
and we like fools destroy our own bodies
too many n-ggas chilling, bad boys boom boom
this leaves no room for the flowers to bloom
seeds blow in the wind, another drug k!lling
what are we accomplishing? nothing
what's the matter?
why everytime i look around another brain gets splattered?
some pockets get fatter but it don't matter
the devil's the only one who really gets fatter
lead ruptures flesh, spleens are shattered
dreams are shattered, another queen without a king
what will our children become without proper guidance?
probably nothing, so ain't the devil happy

[hook]

[verse 3: jeru the damaja]

n-ggas are in a state of nothingness
hopelessness, lifelessness
if you're in range, i hope you hear this
and try to change this 'cause it's disastrous
who gets the most loot? who gets bust?
dollar bill y'all is the god we trust
the days blow by like dust, even men of steel rust
we're out here acting ridiculous, when only we can save us
mentally enslave us for little or nothing, k!ll our neighbors
animalistic, cannibalistic behavior
look to the sky for your savior
he won't save ya, he didn't save your forefathers
why bother, brothers?
you must discover the power of self
know thyself or find thyself
hating thyself, k!lling thyself
while he collects the wealth that you sit back and murder for
ain't the devil happy?

[hook]

JERU THE DAMAJA – MY MIND SPRAY LYRICS

-premier cuts and scratches jeru saying "my mind spray" for four bars-

i annihilate, as i articulate
words of power, your rhymes are unconfounding so death's your fate
ostentatious genius, of rappin
is mentally clappin to take hip-hop back, that's what's happenin
proficiency and ingenuity
plus more styles, than a shaolin mon-es-tary
in poetry my formula's deadly
bring your hypest man in your army another casual-ty
slow like demise i crept on those that slept
droppin my rhyme science like i'm imhotep
application of mind over matter
made fools scatter, rhymes fatter, minds splatter
your girl bend over and over and over
mc's try to touch the damaja but you just can't win
excellent with the word play, you lay
face down, when my, mind spray

-premier does his thing again like only primo can-

thunder on your dome with no help from mad max
lyrics like hype tattoos go over the dope tracks
we b-by-traps, all our inventions
we know the intentions of mc kleptomaniacs
rap brainiacs have cardiacs soon after the attack
when it comes to rhyming i slam harder than shaq
accomplish the bio-feedback, more complex than an almanac
keep you up like an afrodesiac
idealist not an opportunist
don't molest no shorty still in all, i'm dangerous
mentally you can't talk to me, hear me, or see me
you're not equipped
from, street blocks to cell blocks my vo-cals rock
do more work than a crackhead with a, toolbox
jeru never touch-er, mic-ra-phone wrecker
if your honey's a queen i'll s-x her
more important, the mind strikes like the nine strikes
a priest by may
you reach for your uzay, when my mind spray

-primo flexes that razor sharp turntable wizardry-

j-e, rrrah-you it's a horror to you
lyrical kung-fu so do your kung-fu if you know kung-fu
dirty, down low profile
shoot up jams without the aid of lead projectiles
style's ridiculous, techniques infamous
take more heads than santa claus at christmas
science misfits, meet the rath of my wit
immediately following, they go into a conniption fit
reach into my bag of darkness and spark this like an arsonist
blow up like a terrorist
i'm not a s-xist don't have the power to be a racist
i'm a scientist, and an activist
complex yeah simple like mixelplics
unlike the silly devil, i don't come with tricks/trix
so out there to all you mc's return to the righteous way
or meet death face to face when my, mind spray

-primo wrecks it like a 12 car collision-

JERU THE DAMAJA – COME CLEAN LYRICS

you wanna front what? jump up and get bucked
if you're feeling lucky duck then press your luck
i sn-tch fake gangsta mc's and make 'em f-got flambes
your nine spray my mind spray

malignant mist steadily pumps the funk
the results you're a gang stuffed in a car trunk
you couldn't come to the jungles of the east poppin' that game
you won't survive get live catchin' wreck is our thing

i don't gang bang or shoot out bang, bang
the relentless lyrics the only dope i slang
i'm a true master you can check my credentials
'cuz i choose to use my infinite potentials

got a freaky, freaky, freaky, freaky flow
control the mic like fidel castro locked cuba
so deep that you can scuba dive my jive
origin is unknown like the judas

i've acc-mulated honies all across the map
'cuz i'd rather bust a nut then bust a cap in
ya back in fact my rap snaps ya sacroiliac
i'm the mack so i don't need to tote a mac

my attack is purely mental and its nature's not hate
it's meant to wake ya up out of ya brainwashed state
stagnate nonsense but if you persist
you'll get ya snot box bust you press up on this

i flip hoes dip none of the real n-gg-s slip
you don't know enough math to count the mics that i ripped
keep the dirty rotten scoundrel as his verbal weapons spit

real rough and rugged, shine like a gold nugget
every time i pick up the microphone i drug it
unplug it on chumps with the gangsta babble
leave your nines at home and bring your skills to the battle

you're rattlin' on and on and ain't sayin' nothing
that's why you got snuffed when you b-mp heads with dirty rotten
have you forgotten, i'll tap you jaw
i also kick like kung fu flicks by run run shaw

made frauds bleed every time i g'd
'cuz i've perfected my drunken style like sam seed
pseudo psychos i play like michael
jackson when i'm bustin' -ss and breakin' backs

inhale the petrified aroma
breathe too deep and you'll wind up coma
toes the king i'm hard like a fifth of vodka
and bring your clique 'cuz i'm a hard rock knock a

i gotcha, out on a limb i'm about to push you off the brink
let you draw your craw but you burnin' shot breaks
when the east is in the house you should come equipped

fly like a jet sting like a h-rnet
knuckleheads get live and set it off if you want it
dirty rotten scoundrels is crushin' fools no joke
with styles more fatal than second hand smoke

don't provoke the wrath of this rhyme inventor
'cuz i blow up spots like the world trade center
come with the super trooper on his -ssault mission
the tench's technique 'cuz he's a technician

wishin' he'll go away won't help the weapons stop
the skills are shot 'cuz any idiot can let off a glock
hard rock smellin' the clutch of this untouchable
you claim you got beef on the streets so whatcha

gonna do when real n-gg-z roll up on you
and you don't got your crew
pull your glock but you don't got the heart
you was webbed straight from the start

bought a tool and didn't learn how to use it
got lost in brooklyn so you had to lose it
just for frontin' you got that -ss waxed

JERU THE DAMAJA – JUNGLE MUSIC LYRICS

it started on the sands of land of the mother
word to mother, king like my father
my style survived slave ships, whips and chains, hardships
still through all this the praise roll off my lips

bring your guns, chains and tone force your religion
on me cut my hair, the vibes still exist
to destroy the molesters of my heritage
but they conceal the drums of evil, my loyal lineage

king of kings, god of gods
like my ancestors drums i beat the odds
more mics killed than slaves during the middle p-ssages
who rapes and ravages and calls us savage?

jungle bunny, i'm not mo' funny, i'm mo' deadly
they know one day we'll learn how to use it
that's why they fear our jungle music
(in the j u n g l e)

we went from pyramids to the ghetto
still my sounds make devils tumble like the walls of jericho
chant my paower to devour all the snakes and rats
extrasensory perception to avoid all traps

make a joyful noise unto the lord
in the sancuary of your caves white kids press record
as my mystic music spread from sea to galaxy
it's inevitable, you can't stop me

try to carbon copy, but it always comes out sloppy
you can't outtrap me, you can't outrock me
like the dreads on my head, you try and lock me
down underground, but i bounce to the jungle

melodies, that flows like the breeze
through the trees, like my forefathers
command the wind and seas
with my jungle music

unga, bunga, binga
sound warrior, i'll take your head more than a rap singer
enlightener, with the mitre
make the forces of my nature smite ya

over the airwaves, powers are released
holy music destroy the savage beast
i'll beat the devil like a niyabini drummer
beasts his drum, this beat will drum through the summer

try to hold us back with all the strength you can muster
you'll hear a sound similar to the one custer
heard before he got ambushed, you'll get ambushed

for taking this back to kush
for too long you've abused it
on the low used it, and called it jungle music

JERU THE DAMAJA – STATIK LYRICS

electromagnetic beam i get charged
rhymes i run right thru em like a big box of trojan large
mc's tried to hang but its a brooklyn thang
poison slang poison fang
poison pen let me begin
tryin to rhyme up in my cipher is gambilin
freestylin me g i be buckwilin
you cant even challenge a n-gg- in my position
technician renditions more freaky than rick james
fly like airplanes thru all it remain the same
my cuts like freddy krueger
dont need a german luger
but shoot more sh-t than stern-ruger
dirty rottens comin thru punks cling to their guns
dont start none, there wont be none
cuz ahh... f-ck around and it'll be tragic

chorus

and i could rock a rhyme with just statik

devastating, i gotcha heart pulsating
ool-age, you need aid, -j-c-l-ting
rhymes like s-m-n, mc's is scheming
tryin to bag me baby black you must be beemin...
feenin, i dont know who gased ya head up
im straight up, for less n-gg-s have got wet up
im on a mission, scrambling my enemies transmission
when he least expect it, run up in his h-q
hi i.q., every verse is e-q ued
sliver like a snake, still you cant elued
the neba, but not caneza
its the toucha, no gun or god can protect ya
neither the scripture, choke like a boa constrictor
this is my house and i'll evict ya
big respect is automatic... black

chorus

i'll sn-tch up your girlfriend, her friend and their friends
i got the game & fame shake out the condoms
she's a victim, you shouldnt have that mouth dirty rotten
and for the longest we knew you were plotten
on the down fall, who stands tall, lick the b-lls

im not like that, so i smash out p-ssy walls
on the low, oh no, on the high
i get high, praise to the most high
tried to battle me, step up & die
like the arc of the covenant i electrify
petrify, intelligence i glorify
so devils are horrified
sprayin like pecticide, con commit suicide
step into my realm and be fried
by the statik...